

*The Historie of*

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.  
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,  
As if he mastred there a double spirit  
Of teaching and of learning instantly:  
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,  
If he outliue the enuie of this day,  
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored  
On his follies: neuer did I heare  
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:  
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,  
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,  
That he shall shrink vnder my courtesie.  
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, souldiers, friendes,  
Better consider what you haue to doe,  
That I that haue not well the gift of tongue  
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot reade them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:  
To spend that shortnes basely, were too long,  
If life did ride vpon a diall point,  
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,  
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,  
If die, braue death, when princes die with vs.  
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,  
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

*Mes.* My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:  
For I professe not talking, onely this,  
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,  
Whose temper I intend to staine  
With the best blood that I can meet withall,  
In the aduenture of this perillous day.  
Now esperance Percy, and set on,  
Sound all the loffie instruments of war,  
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

*Henry the fourth.*

For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall  
A second time do such a courtesie.

*Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the King enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in battell thus thou crossest me?  
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas,  
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a King.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought  
Thy likenesse, for in stead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,  
Vnlesse thou yelde thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:  
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge  
Lord Staffords death.

*They fight, Douglas kills Blunt, then enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot,

*Doug.* Als done, als won: here breathles lyes the king.

*Hot.* Where? *Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,  
Agallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,  
Sembably furnisht like the king himselfe.

*Doug.* Ah foole, go with thy soule whither it goes,  
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.  
Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coates.

*Doug.* Now by my sword, I will kill all his coates:  
Ile murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Vntill I meete the King.

*Hot.* Vp, and away,  
Our souldiours stand full fairely for the day.

*Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.*

*Fal.* Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the  
shot here, here's no scoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you?  
Sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as

hot